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THE OBSERVATOR.

Reflexions on the Pope's Arming againſt the Emperor, and forming a League againſt the Allies. A brief Account of the preſent State of the Papacy. How eaſy it were for our Fleet in the Mediterranean, *to chaſtiſe the Pope; and the Provocations her Majeſty has to do it.*

From Saturday, October 2. to Wednesday, October 6. 1708.

Country-m. I Find ſome People object againſt our ſpending ſo much Time about a trifling Prieſt, the *Rehearſer*, Maſter; therefore pray let's have a Slap at the High-Prieſt of *Rome*, the Great He-Whore of *Babylon*, who, by all our Accounts, is forming a terrible League againſt us in *Italy*; and to engage the Potentates of that Country in it, gives them large Draughts out of her Cup of Fornication: She will give them Indulgences to commit as much Sodomy and Whoredom as they pleaſe, under the Notion of going on Pilgrimages, *&c.* and ſhe has rais'd a great Army with the Price of her Whoredoms, and has begun already to murder the *Germans* in *Italy*, Men, Women, and Children. I think 'tis high Time, Maſter, we ſhould be ſending her ſome Iron Dumplins well pickl'd with Powder; for ſince the Scarlet-colour'd Whore has ſo much Brimſtone in her Conſtitution, that ſhe ſets all the World in a Flame with it, I think we ought to pay her in her own Coin, and give her her Belly-full.

Obſ. Hold, hold, *Roger*, not too faſt; you muſt not call the Church of *Rome*, a Whore, becauſe ſome of our Great Allies call themſelves her Sons. Don't you remember your old Maſter was proſecuted in the *Crown-Office* for ſome ſuch Thing? Beſides, *Roger*, you know Mr. *Rehearſer*, and thoſe of his Kidney, call her the Mother-Church; and you ſee he has been at ſome Pains to paint and patch the old Lady in his *Regale and Pontificate*, in order to conceal her Deformities, and to make us ſo far in Love with her again, as to join with her Spiritual Sons, and call them our Brethren. So that you muſt be mannerly, and not call ſo many worthy Gentlemen, Sons of W----s.

Country-m. If they will call themſelves her Sons, Maſter, they muſt thank themſelves for the Conſequences that follow their doing ſo. The Scripture calls her a Whore, and has told us there's a Time a coming, *when the Kings of the Earth ſhall hate her, and burn her Fleſh with Fire.* I pity thoſe Princes, Maſter, who are ſo much blinded, as to own her Authority either in Spirituals or Temporals, or call themſelves her Sons. Would they ſtand by the Determination of *Solomon*, who was wiſer than any King, Prince, or Emperor among them, they might eaſily diſcover that ſhe is not their Mother, but a falſe Harlot, who has no Bowels of Compaſſion, when ſhe ſets all *Chriſtendom*, and even her own pretended Sons, together by the Ears, and loves to ſee them not only divided, but hewn in pieces.

Obſ. You argue very well, *Roger*. 'Twas by thoſe Methods ſhe firſt roſe to her Grandeur, and uſurp'd an Authority over the Souls and Bodies of Men. She rais'd Differences on purpoſe, that ſhe might have an Opportunity to fix her Claim to the ſole Power and Authority of deciding them. Thus ſhe firſt deceiv'd other Churches, one after another, and fix'd her Uſurpation in Spirituals; and when ſhe had ſucceeded in that, ſhe ſet Princes at Variance, or ſent them on a Fool's Errand, to reconquer the Holy Land, 'till ſhe ſtrengthen'd herſelf in her Uſurpation over them in Temporals. So that we muſt own her Conduct is very natural at preſent, for ſhe muſt make uſe of the ſame Methods to retain what ſhe has ſtill left of her former Authority, that ſhe did to acquire it.

Country-m. You are a Scholar, Maſter, have read Hiſtory, and know a great deal of the publick Affairs of the World; pray oblige me and my Country Neighbours with the preſent State of the Papacy; for we fancy'd that the Pope's Power was nothing ſo great as now it appears to be; yet we ſtill ſee that he makes ſome of the Greateſt Powers of *Europe* court him one after another, and that a great Part of *Chriſtendom* are ſtill ſuch Beaſts as to wear the Mark of the Beaſt.

Obſ. To ſatisfy you and your honeſt Country Neighbours, in as few Words as I can, *Roger*, I ſhall give you an Account of the preſent State of the Papacy, as I find it in a Book printed laſt Year at the *Hague*; the Author of which ſays, he was domeſtick Prelate to Pope *Innocent* the XI. He divides the Temporal Dominions of the Pope in *Italy*, beſides the County of *Venaiſin*, and the City of *Avignon* in *France*, into three Provinces, making in all 300 Miles in Length, and 100 in Breadth. They contain 60 fine Cities of the ſecond and third Rank, beſides *Rome* and *Bologna* of the firſt, and ſeveral others of the fourth. They contain at leaſt 1800000 Inhabitants, which he ſays may furniſh 100000 Soldiers, ſuppoſing that 1 in 18 be capable of bearing Arms. In his Dominions there are 91 Archbiſhopricks, 536 Biſhopricks, 17200 Pariſhes, 9500 Monaſtries of Men, 2400 of Women, 3700 Abbies of Men, and 1000 of Women. From whence our Author concludes, that reckoning but 8 or 9 Perſons in each Community, the Pope has at leaſt 300000 Perſons conſecrated in a ſpecial manner to his Service.

Country-m. Bleſs me, Maſter, that makes the Whore of *Babylon* a formidable, ſtrapping Jade indeed!

Obſ. That Author ſays farther, *Roger*, that the Pope has a Revenue of 20482645 Livres, which is very near two Millions Sterling every Year.

Country-m. I always thought ſhe was a rich Whore, Maſter, and that makes Emperors, Kings, Princes, and high-flying Prieſts, her Cullies. 'Tis ten to one but the *Rehearſer* has got a Sip out of her Golden Cup of Fornication, he defends her conſecrated Wafer ſo ſtoutly, belies Proteſtant Churches ſo maliciouſly, and maintains the Cauſe of the St. *Germains* Family ſo boldly.

Obſ. He deſerves no Regard, *Roger*, but to be poſted up for an incorrigible Slanderer. There's no Man who has ever ſeen the *Calviniſt*-Churches Abroad, or the Presbyterian-Worſhip in *Great Britain*, but knows they conſecrate the Elements by the Word and Prayer; and that their Miniſters break the Bread, and uſe the ſame Words of Conſecration, that the Church of *England* does in 1 *Cor.* 11. Yet this Man has the Impudence to aſſert a notorious Falſhood, *viz.* that they have dropt the Conſecration, and that their Miniſters neither bleſs nor break the Bread; and that ſome of the Anabaptiſts celebrate the Sacrament with boil'd Legs of Mutton; when he might eaſily have been inform'd, that 'tis a Shadow of the old Love-

Feaſts,

Feasts, and not the Sacrament they celebrate in that Manner: Let the World judge then what Credit is to be given to such a malicious Incendiary, who palliates the Idolatry and Blasphemy of the Church of *Rome*, under the Name of Ceremonies, and says, 'tis purely for that we make all our Outcries against their Consecration, and at the same Time does so shamefully belie the Church of *England*, as well as other Protestants, whom the State has tolerated by Law. But I shall leave him to the Correction of his own Conscience, (if it be not sear'd) for publishing such notorious Falsehoods, and refer him to the Canon of the Mass, publish'd in the third Volume of the *Book of Martyrs*, where he may see how 'tis patch'd up of Idolatry and Superstition; and that they do, in express Words, conjure Salt and Water, in order to make their holy Water, to sprinkle those who come to partake of their idolatrous Mass.

Country-m. Pray, Master, go on with your Account of the present State of the Papacy.

Obs. The Author of the *Tableau de la Courr de Rome*, i.e. a Portraiture or Description of the Court of *Rome*, above-mention'd, says, That in *Rome* there are 123131 People; that in *Italy* the Pope has near 2 Millions of Subjects; and he reckons, that he has at least eighty Millions of Christians there and elsewhere, who depend upon his Spiritual Jurisdiction. In a Word, *Roger*, by the Description which that Author gives of his Court, it surpasses that of the Emperor and *French* King, both in Grandeur, and Number of Officers; and that there is not a Court in the World, where there's more of Ambition, Luxury, and politick Intrigues.

Country-m. That makes good the Character given her in Scripture, Master; so that 'tis no Wonder, that the Kings of the Earth have committed Fornication with her; and that so many of them continue to do so: But I wonder at the supine Neglect of the Protestant Powers, who are Masters of the chief Naval Strength of the World, that they have not hitherto attempted to lay that City desolate, and to burn the Seat of the Whore, from whence, by her Intrigues, she has put all *Christendom* in a Combustion for so many Ages.

Obs. We have Reason to hope the Time is approaching, *Roger*; and now there seems to be a very good Opportunity put into their Hands for doing it, since the Pope has so openly declar'd himself against the Allies, in favour of *France*; and if our last foreign News be true, has admitted a *French* Garrison into *Civitta Vecchia*, and is fitting up the Armour of Pope *Pius* the II. as if he design'd to take the Field in Person.

Country-m. I remember, Master, when I was a Boy, I heard that Admiral *Blak*, one of the Parliament's Sea-Commanders, when he was in the *Mediterranean* with an *English* Squadron, put the Pope and his Shavelings at *Rome*, into such a Fright, that they begun to pack up, and be gone. Ah! Master, it would rejoyce the Cockles of my Country Heart, if her Majesty should be honour'd to chastise the Scarlet-colour'd Whore, by pouring out the Vials of God's Wrath upon her Seat, and scorching her with Fire. I am sure, Master, her Majesty has Provocation enough, since that Harlot, according to all our Advices, was concern'd in the Invasion which the Pretender attempted upon her Dominions. I can't see what should hinder it, since we are Masters of the *Mediterranean*, and I hope by this Time are in Possession of *Port Mahone*. O! that the brave Earl of *Peterborough* had the Conduct of a Fleet and Army for such an Expedition, I would with all my Heart send my *Tom*, *Dick*, *Jack*, and *Will*, to be Tars and Soldiers under his Command; and I am sure most of my Country Neighbours would do the like.

Obs. Not so furious, *Roger*: You may see, by her Majesty's Proclamation against Papists in *Scotland*, that her Dominions in those Parts are infested with that idolatrous Crew, who join with the Non-jurant Protestants, and support them in disturbing the Peace of her Goverment; which is a very strong Evidence, that her Majesty has not been very well serv'd by all those she trusted there; and we may also perceive, by the Numbers of People that flock daily to the Chappels of Popish Ambassadors, and by the Impudence of a Set of Men, that call themselves Protestants, and who openly disown and dispute her Title, that her Majesty is not perfectly well serv'd here by those who are intrusted to put the Laws in Excution: So that we have no Reason to expect, that her Majesty and our Country should be well serv'd, 'till the crying Corruption in Offices, and Officers, complain'd of by the Lord Bishop of St. *Asaph*, be remov'd. But more of this another time, *Roger*.

Advertisements.

Just publish'd,

¶ Poetical Reflexions, Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c. on the Vices and Follies of the Age. Containing, A Poem to the K. of Sweeden, on his late Victory over the Muscovites. A Treat by the Planets. On a young Lady surpriz'd in her Smock. The Elopement. The Bard, a true Story. The Kiss, a Song. An Epitaph on my Lady Pierpoint. On the ingenious Translation of Rapin of Gardens, by Mr. J. Gardiner. On three Ladies in a Coach, and the Author in another, in Hide-Park. The Rape of Europa, from the Greek of Moschus. To my Lady E--- B---, in a Mask. To the Queen, on her going to St. Paul's. An Elegy on the Death of Bartholomew-Fair. On a Gentleman and his Mistress sailing to Gravesend in a Yacht. A Copy of Verses made by a Gentleman, extempore; his Birth, the Death of his Father, (being a covetous Miser) and his Marriage, happening on one Day. The Letter of Edward the IV. K. of England, to Mrs. Jane Shore, imitated from Drayton. Alexander the Great, supposed mourning over his Friend Clytus, whom he had slain in Passion. Part 8. To be continu'd occasionally. By several Hands. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noster-Row. Price 6 d. where may be had the 7 other Parts, at 6 d. each.

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